

Daily Democrat.

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STAMPS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.—From and after this date, Postage Stamps, and Stamped Envelopes of the old style, will not be received in whole or partial payment of subscriptions to the Daily or Weekly Democrat. The new stamps, or new stamped envelopes, must be sent to be used in crediting subscription accounts for the Democrat.

Their Rights.

The Secessionists and their sympathizers complain about the abridgment of their rights. Men are entitled to their opinions, and the free expression of them; of course they are.

But there may be a great difference as to what are opinions. A man with a musket in his hands might give you his opinion that he ought to shoot you. He could not complain if you showed him a pistol and threatened to blow his brains out. Such differences of opinion are not allowable, notwithstanding the constitutional freedom of thought and opinion. You might wrest the musket from the hands of a man who indulged in such freedom of thought, although a man has a constitutional right to bear arms.

The Government is bound to protect the citizen in his constitutional rights; but then the citizen is bound to support the Government. If he undertakes to destroy it, it is not bound to protect him. These Southern Rights men entertain us about Lincoln's violation of the Constitution. Lincoln, however, has rights, as President of the United States, more important for the good of the country than the rights of one individual. These two rights come in conflict; both can't exist together some times, and which shall prevail? If a man wishes his rights respected, let him respect the rights of other people. If he assaults the rights of other people, his own may get in peril, and he has no one to blame but himself.

When a rebellion starts against a government all rights are at hazard; for the government itself is assailed. How can it guaranty rights when its power is restrained? It must save itself, or all the rights it is established to protect must take their chances. The rights of the whole mass of this country, under the Constitution, depend on the power to preserve the Government under that Constitution.

To insure one right guaranteed to an individual is well, if it be possible; but if it can't be done by the government without sacrificing itself, it will not be done. To sacrifice this whole Government for the sake of securing one guaranteed right, is impossible. However important such a right may be, it is absurd to expect it shall stand in the way of the salvation of a country. The abstract right may be conceded, but in such circumstances it never was preserved, and never will be.

Greeley, the Bull Run General, does not shout onward to Richmond these times, but he is engaged in a still more pestiferous course. He says this is a rebellion got up for slavery; that none but those in the slave interest are in the rebellion. In short, slavery is the cause of the rebellion, and to end it slavery must be crushed out. He would have come nearer the mark if he had said anti-slavery was the cause; for if it had not been for abolitionism the ambitious demagogues of the South could never have turned a wheel in this rebellion. Such fellows as Greeley have furnished the material to these demagogues, far more important to them than arms and ammunition. An unhallored ambition was the cause of this rebellion. It is just the same cause that came near producing a rebellion in New England in 1814. Her politicians were out of favor—couldn't be Presidents, foreign ministers, &c.—and they made use of the shipping interest of New England, damaged by the war, to stir up secession from the Federal Government. There was no other cause for this rebellion. Nobody had suffered under the Federal Government; it had wronged nobody. Greeley, in these effusions, is damaging the cause, and his paper, in justice to the friends of the Union, ought to be suppressed as incendiary and helping the enemy.

PURIFICATION OF THE MAIL SERVICE IN KENTUCKY.—The Postoffice Department, through their special agents, are using the most energetic efforts in purifying the mail service in the State of Kentucky. Instructions have been given to remove all postmasters and contractors who are disloyal to the Government, and place every branch of the service in hands of true and loyal men. We regard this movement of the highest importance at this crisis, as there is no auxiliary more efficient in behalf of the Union cause than the postal arrangement of our State, in exposed to treacherous interruption or espionage. No man should be permitted to hold office under the Government whose influence is not decidedly in favor of the maintenance of its original power.

FROM PRESTONSBURG.—The Valley of Big Sandy is assuming, in a military point of view, some importance. The leaders of Secession in the Ninth Congressional District have made Prestonsburg, Floyd county, their headquarters, and at this point has been concentrated a force of their followers, amounting to some two thousand. They are only partly armed; but becoming, from additions of arms and men, daily more formidable. Their object is to keep open the main road leading from Eastern Kentucky to Virginia, hoping thus to keep open a connection through which to transport supplies, provisions, &c., to Virginia, and at the same time to overawe and intimidate the Union men of the surrounding counties. We are glad, however, to state that our strongholds into the Old Dominion, or make them submit to the laws of the State. Treason can have no place or influence in the mountains of Kentucky.

ENTHUSIASM IN THE MOUNTAINS.—We receive the most cheering news from the mountain region of Kentucky. The loyal mountaineers are rallying to the standard of the "Mountain Boy," their former representative in Congress, the Hon. L. T. Moore, who has been authorized to raise a regiment. Only a few days will transpire before this gallant and bold advocate of the cause of the Union will report a regiment ready for duty. Every portion of our State looks with confidence to the bearing and loyalty of the mountains. In every contest at the ballot-box with the enemy of our State and country, their victory has been overwhelming, and in the field we predict for them even a greater triumph. Let the active loyalists of our mountains inspire every portion of our State to renewed efforts in driving from our glorious old Commonwealth the traitors and rebels who have invaded her soil.

MORE OF THE SCOUNDREL BUCKNER.—A gentleman who lives in one of the invaded counties writes: "I and nearly all my neighbors are in Camp Andy Johnson. We are determined to beat back the invaders. I left home yesterday, October 7th, and last night a company of Secessionists came to my house and broke it open; broke open trunks, closets, &c.; stole bed clothes and sundries; they also stole a very fine horse belonging to G. T. W., and after hanging a negro man for a few moments, to force him to tell where I was, left for a neighbor's, where they made diligent search for Mr. D. P. D. M. and myself; whipped two negroes most unmercifully, stole two horses, a watch, some bed clothes, &c." These are but a few outrages amongst many. There is no doubt of the truth of every word of this. It comes from a source as reliable as any in the State. How long will retribution wait on these men?

The Secessionists have felt so deep and lively an affection for their sister Southern States that they couldn't take up arms against them in any emergency. It seems, however, that they can run off to the Confederate States and take up arms against the hearthstones of Kentucky. They can make war on their old Kentucky home; but can't bear to resist the wrongs and insults offered to their own State. Old Nick himself would laugh at the antics of these crazy men. How can they expect the world to grant them any credit for sincerity in their professions of love for their sister States, as they affectionately call them?

All accounts from the hills of Kentucky represent the army of that precious pink of a General, Zollicoffer, as the most inveterate robbers and thieves that ever invaded a civilized country. They have stolen all they could lay their hands on. They are negro thieves. In that character they beat the underground railroad. Their raid will be recollected for generations as one of the most savage and brutal that has ever been known in civilized countries. Their time is short, and they seem to know it. They seem conscious that all they will ever make is what they steal, and they make good use of their opportunities.

NEWS FROM CARTER COUNTY.—The recent skirmish in this county, in which two Secessionists were killed and one wounded, and some twelve taken prisoners, has awakened the deepest interest in the glorious cause of the Union. There are now some four or five hundred of true and loyal men encamped there, awaiting the completion of a regiment, under the command of that true and loyal defender of Kentucky's rights, Colonel William Bowling. We expect, in a few days, they will report at headquarters their regiment complete and ready for duty, at any point where they may be ordered.

OLLY BUCKSHOT.—All a buckshot, our late correspondent from Washington, is now in our city, and intends to raise a regiment in which his six feet four is to be a private. Buckshot is a good Kentuckian, and wishes to raise a regiment in which all shall be private. We are in that regiment.

TOOK THE OATH.—Ex-Governor Helm has taken the oath to be true and loyal to the Government of the United States, and was then released from confinement by Gen. Sherman.

Letter from Camp Sherman.

CAMP SHERMAN, Oct. 10, 1861.

MESSEURS. HARNET, HUGHES & Co.:
Gentlemen: Yesterday your correspondent had the pleasure of again appearing on the Fair Grounds, and seeing the fine body of troops encamped there. After passing through Camp Sherman, through the kindness of Lieutenant Forman and others, we saw the drill of the cavalry regiment of Colonel Bayles. They number about four hundred men, all told, in companies, and parts of companies, and are, all of them, choice and efficient men, and remarkably well drilled. Every foot strikes the ground at once, with the regularity of the tick of a clock, and the breast is thrown forward, the arms falling easily and naturally to the side. It is the opinion of Yours, that Col. Bayles' regiment of cavalry will be one of the most efficient in the service, and if the grizzly-bearded Colonel and his gallant Captains do not lead men where they ought to go, then there is a mistake in this expressed opinion to the contrary.

Yours again passed the lines, entering Camp Sherman just as Colonel Pope was drawing up his men for dress parade. The Shelby Zouaves had the right of the regiment. At the tap of the drum, company after company fell into ranks, one after the other, with the regularity of machinery. The regiment being formed in a long line, the Colonel advanced and carried the troops through the manual of arms. The Sergeants and Captains reported, and again, at a tap of the magic drum, the long line fell into separate companies, and moved off rapidly to quarters. Numbers of ladies were present, and added grace and beauty to the scene, like a bayonet trimmed with roses. Colonel Pope, now becoming famous for his character and discipline, is a man of about five feet ten inches in height, slightly built, and of a swart complexion, very straight, as all West Point officers are. Under ordinary circumstances—that is, under an ordinary hat—he would be called handsome, but Antinous himself could not be beautiful under such a queer cap as the regulations of the army have put upon our soldiers. Why have they chosen such a cap? It is neither ornamental nor useful. In winter, which is coming upon us, the soldiers will have to buy fur caps, to protect themselves at night when on guard—in summer it does not shade the eyes or protect the face from the sun. An uglier cap was never seen—a cap that was of less use was never known; and if the whole tribe of Generals, from Scott and McClellan down to the most incompetent, were to assert the contrary, your correspondent would protest against it.

After dress (?) parade, "yours" walked into the quarters of the Shelby Zouaves, for the simple reason that a soldier came up to him and his friend Harwood, of Shelby, and said: "Your Captain is up stairs!" and so he was. The moon was just laying a cloth of silver on the dark, green carpet of Camp Sherman, making the whole scene, houses, soldiers, and sentinels, look, in the shade, like crayon sketches on white paper, when we walked to view the humors of the camp, and met—what do you think?—the most humorous company of all, Captain Garriety's Irishmen. They were having a "ctig" dance—that is, a cotillon of men. If you could have heard the jolly laughter, and seen the dark figures moving in the camp fire, you would have said that whatever evils there might be in soldier life, there was a part of unquestioned fun.

Captain Taylor invited the men of Garriety's company to come into the floral hall, where his quarters are situated.

The two companies—the Shelby Zouaves and the Irish company and other companies—all gathered in, and we had "a circus." A Zouave gave us a Kentucky "break down," and a drummer, who has been so unfortunate as to be born without bones, tied himself in a double knot as easily as you could tie a twine string. All the while Captain Garriety was making the fiddle talk. A more jovial and gentlemanly set of men never told stories and sang songs by the fluttering light of camp fires.

Yours seeded and rambled idly around, all by himself, taking remarkable care to avoid the insinuating point of a thirty foot bayonet. He was warned by his evil fortune, in which his diaphragm was like to have been sliced with one of those tel-corned implements of war. He was resolved to go the "grand rounds." He had staked his fortunes on going the grand rounds, and he was resolved, willy-nilly, to see the handsome Adjutant. He passed the lines (he knew he would) with a most intense respect for the gun in the hands of the soldier, which he was told was loaded. He got to headquarters under the supervision of Capt. Garriety.

Imagine, Mr. Editor, a long table made of mahogany, and veneered with pine in the most elegant manner. Adjutant McDowell sat at the top, flanked by the Sergeant Major and your correspondent. Each was required, with one modest exception, to sing a song, or tell a story, and in the midst of this the evening passed, until the time for the "grand rounds."

Sergeant _____, Captain _____, Sergeant Major _____, Adjutant _____, and "yours, truly," started to make a reconnaissance. We passed one or two sentinels, easily and

quietly giving and taking the countersign. Do you wish to know how it is done?

"Who comes there?"

"The Grand Rounds," and give the countersign."

We have no countersign, and then there is a sort of stand and deliver business goes on, in which we fail to get past, until the Adjutant advances and puts us through.

The Sergeant attempts, at one post, to get past, turns indignantly round at the awkward manner in which he complains the sentinel holds his gun, and says, "Let me show you how to handle a musket," seizing it at the same time. In a twinkling, our gallant Sergeant was thrown off and the boss of the gun, the most horrid bore conceivable, was directed straight at the "grand rounds." The Sergeant-Major had to advance or Yours is afraid. Very much afraid, that he would have been, in the language of the gallant old Quaker of New Orleans, perforated.

The last adventure was an advance to the northwest end of the camp, where we were in the following line: Three officers in front, acting as soldiers; the Adjutant and Yours truly in the rear, with a sword that was about as easy to handle as a weaver's beam. This is parenthetical. The correspondent was never tied to a mill saw before—"nor since."

We came up in this line to a sentinel, who gave the call, "Who goes there?" and in response the answer was, "The Grand Rounds." Our Sergeant was asked to advance and give the word, and he very unwillingly refused, and said, "Why don't you call the guard?"

The sentinel called, "Commercial Aid; no, I mean, Cor-Cor-Corporal of the—Corporal of Eleventh street!" It was supposed that he meant Corporal of the guard, Number Eleven.

Your correspondent cannot follow up all that was said or done in the course of the evening, nor treat with due respect the "opera," the Irish songs, and the play of Richard the Third, when he felt that the soldiers were singing the last song before the departure.

They leave at an early part of next week for Green river, and the song of departure, still lingering and dying and still rising in symphonies, to echo and re-echo Tom Moore's song,

Come, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whatever to-morrow brings.
Chorus—Like sunset gleams, that fleecy clouds
When all is darkening fast,
Are hours like those we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.

Can you read this song and not shed tears? If the boys are gone, girls, write to them.

Ex-Col.

We have received from G. P. Putnam a work called the Rebellion Second. It has illustrations, representing, or misrepresenting the most prominent men in the country, both Secession and Union, together with the reports of the Generals on each side. The number before us begins with the battle of Bull's Run, or rather Manassas plains. The reports of McDowell and Beauregard, in that famous battle, are both published together with other reports of a like kind.

ASHLAND, KY.—As there is at this point a bank of large capital, apprehension has been entertained that a despot might be made on that place by the Secessionists in the upper portion of the Valley of Big Sandy, for the purpose of robbing the bank of its treasure. We are informed that the coin has been removed for safe keeping. This will be a serious mishap to the rebels, whose great object in all their raids is robbery and plunder.

Rumor is determined to have New Orleans taken. The St. Louis Republican, of the 3d, says a letter was received in that city, from New Orleans, stating that a fleet of seventy vessels was coming up the Balize to attack that city. This must have been about the 1st of October. Well, we have no objections, if it be so; on the contrary, we should be glad to see it.

A gentleman named Thomas Oldham was sitting on the Fall Creek bridge, on the line of the Indianapolis and Lafayette Railroad, about a mile and a half from Indianapolis, on Wednesday, when he was knocked into the water by the cow-catcher of a train and drowned.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—Colonels Harlan and W. H. Hays will address the people at the following times and places: Campbellsville, Thursday, Oct. 10. Springfield, Friday, Oct. 11. Bardonia, Saturday, Oct. 12. Speaking each day at two o'clock. Union men are requested to give general publicity to these appointments.

A vender of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband:

"No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper.
"Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be within it."

The News.

The Jefferson City correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing on the 8th inst., gives the following particulars of Gen. Fremont's movements, when leaving that point:

At break of day all was bustle and activity in the camps. Regiments had been leaving all night and were still striking their tents and moving off in the direction of the Sedalia road. General Fremont, with his staff and body guard, had been encamped on an eminence, about a mile south of the city and partly overlooking it. From early morning this had been the scene of preparation and bustle. The tents were struck, carriages and baggage wagons disputed the passage at every step. Around the base of the hill the body guard were equipping and mounting their horses. Brilliant staff officers rushed here and there, jabbering incomprehensible French to bewildered Americans. The General himself could be seen moving from place to place with a handful of papers and followed by a cloud of Colonels and lesser lights asking for posting orders, or in most cases for explanations of orders. On the brow of the hill stood Mrs. Fremont, gaily chatting to a group of officers, her sole attendant a rather youngish looking lady with a jockey hat, who did the agreeable to another group of officers. Near by, a son of the General, a boy of ten or twelve, smartly dressed in uniform, was supervising the harnessing of a miniature war horse. With miniature bridle and saddle, and pistol holsters, which he mounted and rode off, attending the captain of the body guard, and looking for all the world like the captain seen through the wrong end of a telescope. If this war continues we bid fair to return to the feudal times, when a youth's education consisted in bowing how to bear himself in arms. Gen. Asboth amused himself by playing with a younger boy who trotted along in a sergeant's uniform. At last the cavalcade got ready to move. The traveling kitchen, in disgust at so much delay, had gone on, and now got mixed up with the body-guard, and was ignominiously obliged to halt and wait for the baggage train. This occasioned some confusion, but every body bore it with patience, doubtless considering that a traveling kitchen, with all its savory adjuncts, was too important a thing to be lightly abused.

Parties who arrived in Jefferson City on the 7th, from Sedalia, report Price, on the 2d, at Posque's Mills, on Grand river, twenty miles from Clinton, on the Papinville road. McCulloch was reported to be with him in person, while his army, under command of his brother, was advancing from Arkansas to join. A gentleman, who was in Lexington during Price's stay, informed Major Martin that Price said he had been promised 60,000 armed men if he would come to Lexington—that he had been disappointed and must retreat.

Passengers from Sedalia, who arrived in Jefferson City on the 8th, state that the rebel Price was at Rose Hill, in Johnson county, two or three days before, and state that he intends fortifying himself there; others report him at Grand river. The death of McCulloch (the original) is again denied. A special dispatch from Washington says that the underground Maryland postoffice to Virginia has been broken up, and those engaged in it taken in custody. In a Baptist church in Breckinridge county, there are one hundred and fifty-three members, and yet not one of them disloyal.

The steamer E. M. Ryland, lying at the St. Louis wharf, was totally destroyed by fire, on the evening of the 8th. She had been in the Cairo trade, but had been drawn for repairs. The boat was valued at \$15,000. The origin of the fire is not known. There was a watchman on board, but no hands, and she was entirely empty. The remnant of the Sixth Indiana regiment, which has been encamped near Madison, Indiana, left for Kentucky yesterday.

The crew of the steamer J. D. Perry, at St. Louis, took it into their heads, last Monday, to have a spree—they did so—refused to go to work, and left the boat in a body. Captain Reilly immediately lodged a complaint for desertion with the military authorities and civil police.

NEGROBANCY.—In New York they have a new excitement, a juggler that far out-juggles any of his predecessors. Among Hermann's tricks is the following:

A bat furnished from the audience is found to contain a hundred or more tin cups, bunches of flowers, almost endless amounts of feathers, sands, fans in handfuls; almost anything he chooses to find, in fact. Then the hat is set on fire, a piece burned from the crown, and in this condition it is offered to the lender. He refuses to receive any such tip; it was his he acknowledges; he knows the marks on it, but he wants it fixed. The hat is torn by Mr. Hermann into fifty shreds, rolled in a paper and placed in the hands of one of the audience, who holds it above his head, while Hermann fires a pistol at it. The hat is seen floating above in the dome, high over head, the contents of the bundle changes to a crying baby, and then the hat falls sound and clean.

A correspondent at Rio Janeiro, under date of August 25, writes:

"The American revolution is the topic which takes precedence of all others, and it is thought to be peculiarly strange that the course of England should be diverted from the regular channel of honor and honesty, in affording aid to the founders of slavery, contrary to their avowed declaration of opposition to the same. Here, as in France, 'perdre l'Alion' is the phrase in every mouth, and the English residents are becoming alarmed for their safety in consequence of the shuffling conduct of England, which the Brazilians think may sooner or later be exercised towards them, and its cultivation for domestic manufacture encouraged. The American Union is predominant here, and Americans are the most favored with the Brazilians."

The Privateer Sumpter.

HISTORY OF HER OPERATIONS—THE VESSEL DISGUISED.

(From the Boston Journal.)

The following information concerning the visit of the privateer Sumpter, at Paramaribo, is from a private letter received in this city. It will be seen by the concluding paragraph that she may elude the pursuit of our cruisers, and be able to do further mischief:

PARAMARIBO, DUTCH GUAYANA, September 4, 1861.

There has been quite an excitement here, occasioned by the arrival at this port of the privateer Sumpter. She came in here on the 19th of August, being in want of coal and other supplies. The moment she came in, our United States Consul, Henry Sawyer, Esq., went at once to the Governor, and protested in the name of the United States not to have her supplied with coal, and requested the Government to drive her out of port; but they would not do it, and, furthermore, allowed her to take in coal; but they found a live Yankee where they least expected it. When the United States Consul found the Governor was about to allow them to take coal, he went to work on his own hook, and tried his best to stop them, and partially succeeded. He held a plan to detain her as long as possible, as it was reported that our steamers were out after her.

Dispatches were at once sent off by the Consul to all the United States Consuls in the West Indies, by the mail which left the same day that the Sumpter arrived, notifying them that if any of our men-of-war vessels were at their posts to make them hurry up, as the Sumpter would be here some time. (The intention was to have left in three days, providing they could get coal on board.) Then our Yankee Consul went in to win. He first hired all the punts and lighters he could get hold of, as they must load everything in that manner here. Then he went to the coal dealers and offered to purchase their coal, and succeeded with all but one. He tried hard to prevent this one, who had sold to the Captain (Simmes) of the Sumpter before he got his letter. He was an Englishman, named Wright, and a very wealthy planter. So far, so good. Now for them to get this coal on board; the Consul had all the punts and lighters. They began by boats and flats, and worked all day and night, and only got on board one hundred and eighty tons (he wanted four hundred).

The mail came in and brought news that the Key States was at Barbadoes on the 21st of July, in search of him. Then they began to hurry some. Finally, they got hold of a punt that the Consul had already hired, and would not give it up. He (the Consul) sent to take it one night, when he jumped half a dozen of the Sumpter's men, with revolvers, and swore that the punt should not leave their hands until the coal was all on board. The authorities would not meddle with the affair, and they finished coaling on the 31st and put to sea.

The amount of the whole story is that the authorities are afraid of the Sumpter, as she had run by the forts, and could command the town with her guns. The deserters say that nearly all the crew are Northern men with northern principles, but were driven to enlist by actual starvation, in New Orleans, as there was nothing to eat and nothing to do. They also say that the engine of the Sumpter can not be run but a few hours, as it heats so, and if the Brooklyn kept after her a short time they would have been overhauled. Before coming out they took away all the oil and the lamps from the lighthouse. There is a small bay near the mouth of the Mississippi where they send their prizes; it is very shallow water. They (the deserters) state that all the prizes have been taken by the Sumpter showing false colors. When they see a vessel they run up the stars and stripes, English, French or Spanish flag, but when they see a good sized steamer they run. She mounts four 32's and one pivot gun, but has not men enough, having only sixty-four all told. They have lost a great many by desertion.

Information has just been received from the light ship of this port, that when the Sumpter was a few miles at sea they took down the smoke stack, closed their ports, and completely changed her rig and appearance, and she now resembles a common merchant bark.

(From the Wheeling Press, of Monday.)

Breckinridge Alive and in Virginia.

IMPORTANT ROUTES—POSITIONS THAT SHOULD BE HELD BY UNION FORCES.

John C. Breckinridge, the ungrateful and unprincipled political demagogue who so long wore a semblance of Unionism to disguise his real intentions of self-aggrandizement by supporting the rebellion, has recently been very busy in endeavoring to create secession sentiments and secure rebel troops. The Cincinnati papers of Saturday locate him on Thursday last in Greenup, the extreme northeastern county of Kentucky. Now, we have it from reliable authority that within the last two weeks Breckinridge has traveled more than two hundred miles by carriage road, spent three days at one point recruiting, spoken at several other places, and was, the middle of last week, at Tazewell C. H., Tazewell county, Va. The location where the rumor in the Cincinnati papers "killed" him, is nearly two hundred miles from Tazewell, and he could not have reached "his camp" in the few hours that intervened between his speech at Tazewell and the time when he is reported to have been shot.

The route over which Mr. E. traveled, as above stated, was as follows:

From Owingsville, in Bath county, (via West Liberty, in Morgan county), to Prestonsburg, Floyd county, Ky. At this latter place he made a speech and rallied some three hundred recruits. Thence to Pike-ton, in Pike county, (where he staid three days), and thence across the Cumberland Mountains, at Dogwood Gap, into Virginia, through Buchanan, Russell, and Tazewell counties, to Tazewell courthouse, where he remained.

On this route there are excellent turnpikes. There is also a superior turnpike from Pike-ton south through Pike county to the Cumberland Mountains, along the base of the mountains to Whitesburg in Letcher county, and eastward through the Pound or Sounding Gap into Wise county, Virginia, thence south to Estillville, in Scott county, and northeast to Abingdon, Washington county, on the Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. Tazewell and Abingdon are also connected by good turnpikes.

